



Jeff Daily

After a Night of Revelry

The sun's laughing needles burn me
In the morning after revelry
Every sound is a song too loud
Each gesture I make is a torture swing
I have only myself to blame
The wine was too delicious
And her smile, too vicious
My love was next to me as I dreamed

She was w/me in a Victorian house
Trying on summer dresses
Helping me move assorted packages
From my car through sprinklers raining
It was a warm day

She was w/me as we drove through swamps
The humid redneck south to a BBQ roadhouse joint
People were dancing the two-step
We were having dinner w/another couple
We were much older than we should have been
The waitress brushed me w/her blonde hair
She was trying to seduce me and tempt me in front of my love
When I went to the bar I was filled w/too much love to succumb

She was w/me at the art museum
I was her boss and she was a new employee
We got her a uniform and a walkie-talkie
We began patrolling the floors of the museum
I was still in love w/her
I woke up, slight stomach discomfort
And pounding head
She was in my bed
Smooth as glass
Soft as a girl ought t' be

This is a Love Song

We look like the Gestapo
We feel like 4th graders
This is our uniform

We do next to nothing
We walk the walk
This is our station

How many years have we been on our own?

We have questions
We have desires
This is our problem

This is not a human be-in
This is boredom
This is scary
This is shaping up to be quite a century

What this situation needs is a love song

This is a love song but...

This can't be fixed with flowers
This guy doesn't have superpowers
This aint as bad as it seems
This life is one of many ended dreams

How many years have we been on our own?